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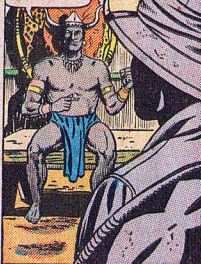


AT THE HEADHUNTER'S VILLAGE...

YOU GET THE REST OF THE BEADS WHEN YOU GET ME CHIEF BANI'S IDOL WITH THE BRIGHT STONE. YOU CAN HAVE ALL HIS WARRIORS' HEADS FOR YOUR OWN.

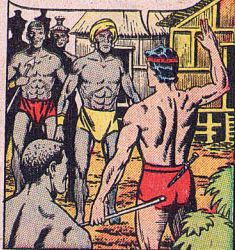


WE UNDERSTAND, NOW THAT WE HAVE OUR CHIEF, URALI, IN PRISON. WE SEND WARRIORS TO CHIEF BANI FOR IDOL.



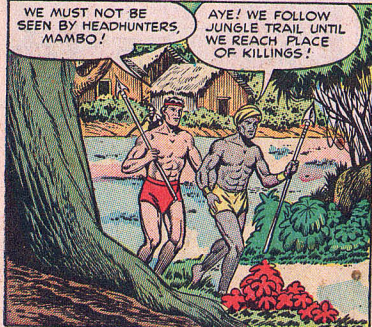
BACK AT BANI'S VILLAGE...

YOU, BROTHERS, BE READY AT ALL TIMES! KEEP WOMEN AND LITTLE ONES INSIDE HUTS. COME, MAMBO!



WE MUST NOT BE SEEN BY HEADHUNTERS, MAMBO!

AYE! WE FOLLOW JUNGLE TRAIL UNTIL WE REACH PLACE OF KILLINGS!

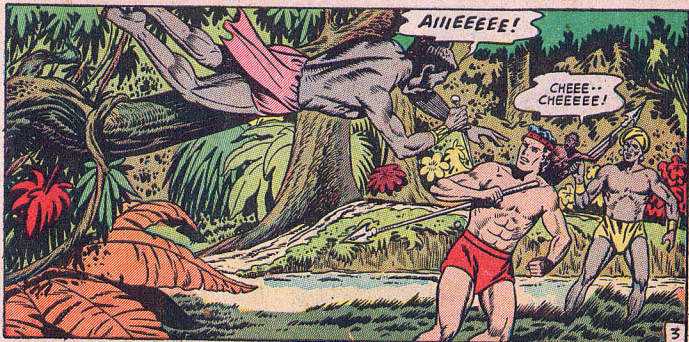


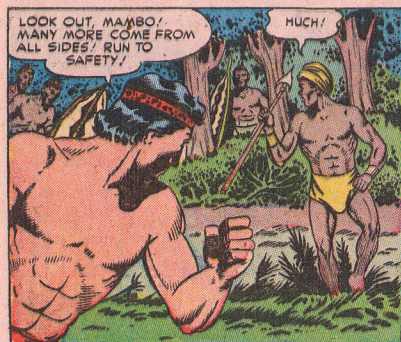
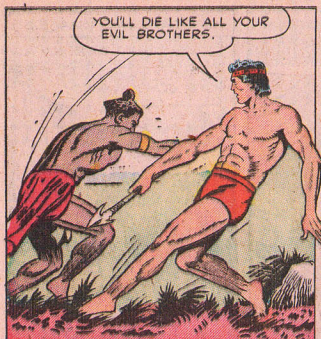
WE NEAR CLEARING WHERE HEADHUNTERS ATTACKED!



AAIIIIIIII!

CHEEE--
CHEEEEE!



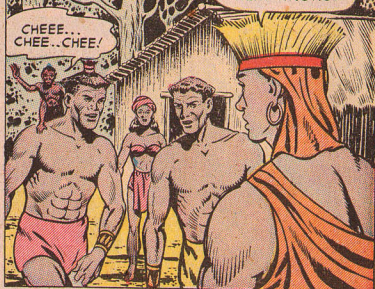




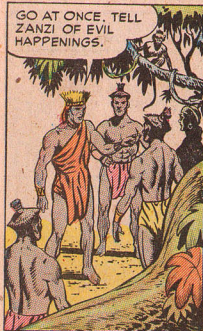
BACK AT BANI VILLAGE...

CHEEKO! VOODAH'S PET! SOMETHING WENT WRONG!

CHEEE...
CHEE...CHEE!



GO AT ONCE, TELL
ZANZI OF EVIL
HAPPENINGS.



VOODAH
LATE NOW,
MAYBE MET
TROUBLE.



VOODAH IS
GOOD HUNTER,
LOOK! WARRIOR
FROM CHIEF
BANI
APPROACHES!

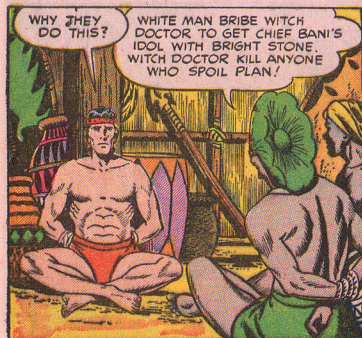
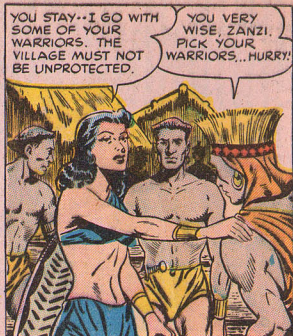
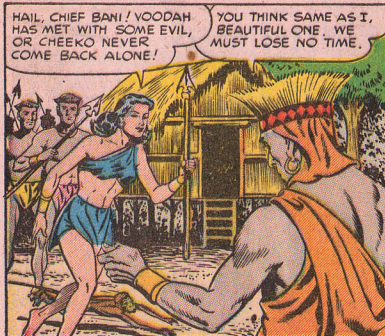
VOODAH AND
MAMBO, GONE
LONG TIME.
ONLY CHEEKO
RETURN.

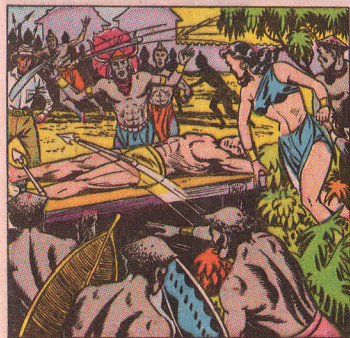


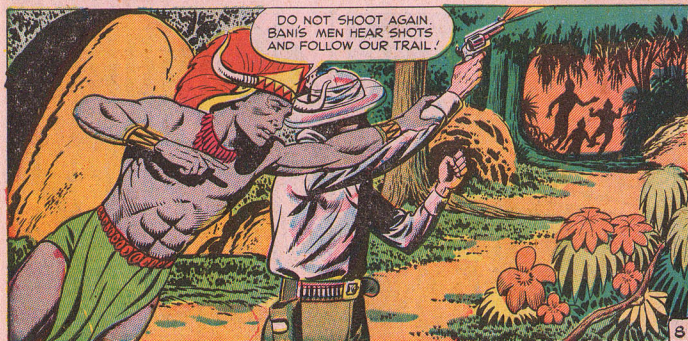
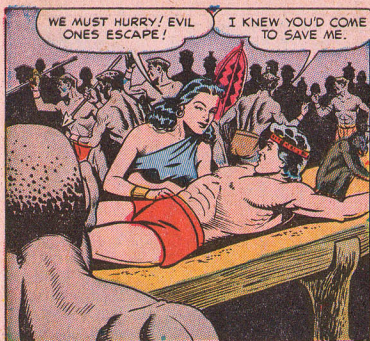
VOODAH MUST
BE IN DANGER.
COME, BROTHERS,
WE GO TO CHIEF
BANI AND MAKE
PLANS TO FIND
THEM!

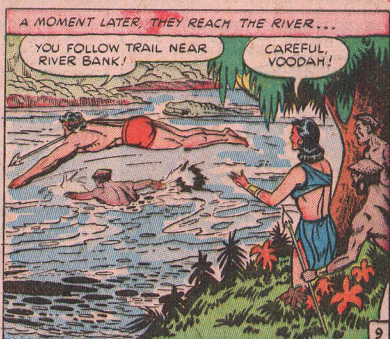
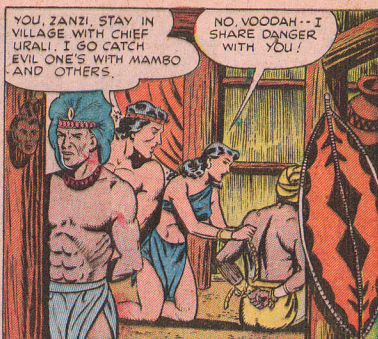
ON THEY MARCH TO CHIEF BANI'S VILLAGE...



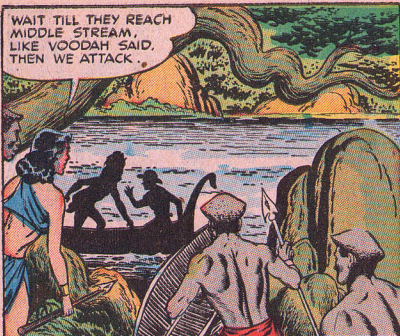








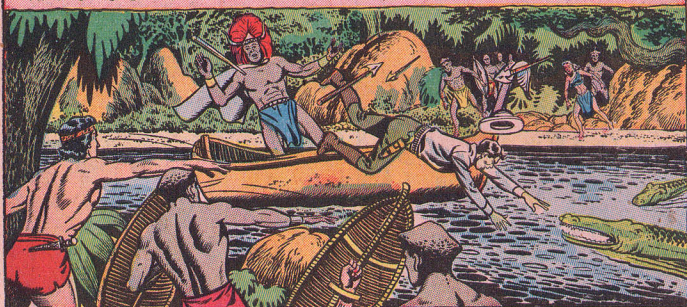
WAIT TILL THEY REACH
MIDDLE STREAM,
LIKE VOODAH SAID,
THEN WE ATTACK.



HERE THEY COME, BROTHERS,
HEADED FOR SURE DEATH.
BE READY!



AT THIS MOMENT ZANZI AND VOODAH OPEN THE ATTACK FROM OPPOSITE SIDES.



CROCODILES MAKE
AWFUL DEATH.

YES, BUT THEY
WERE EVIL. EVIL
BRINGS PUNISHMENT!



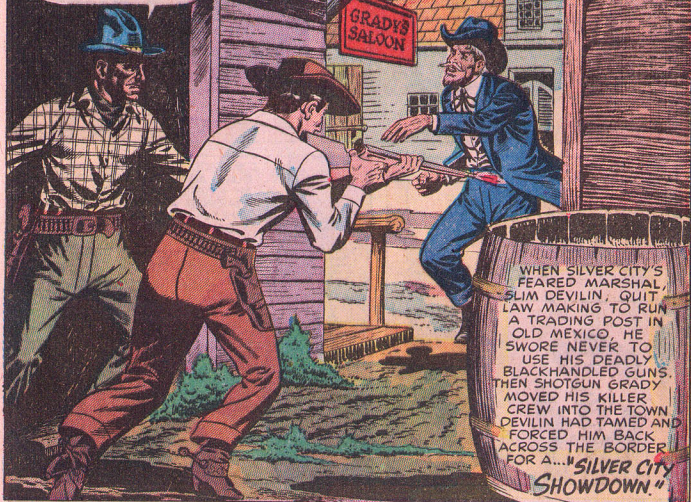
CHIEF BANI, YOU STILL HAVE YOUR
IDOL AND NO MORE OF YOUR PEOPLE
WILL BE KILLED. YOU, CHIEF URALI,
ARE AGAIN HEAD OF YOUR TRIBE.
WE MUST MAKE FEAST FOR ALL
TO REJOICE!



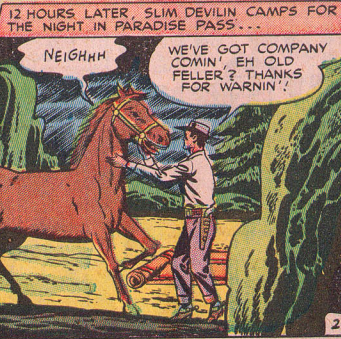
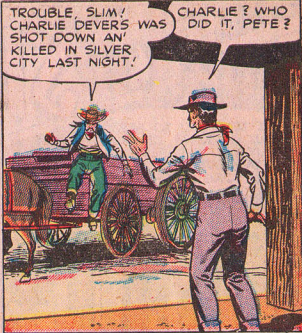
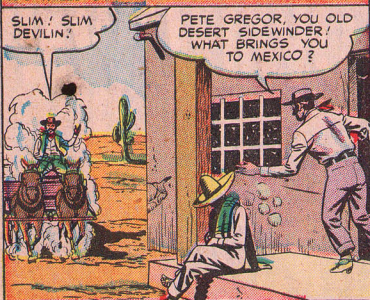
SILVER CITY SHOWDOWN

I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT OF TOWN, DEVERS BUT YOU REFUSED! NOW, I'M **SENDIN'** YOU OUT... IN YORE **COFFIN**!

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO,
THE NIGHT OF
AUGUST 9, 1878...

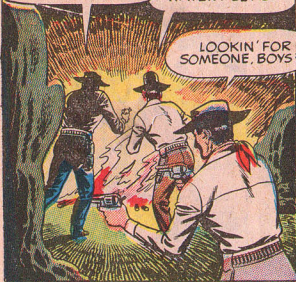


24 HOURS LATER, AT DEVILIN'S TRADING-POST,
100 MILES SOUTH OF SILVER CITY...



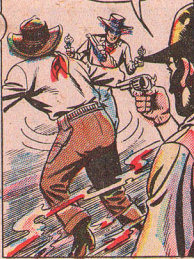
I GUESS IT'S DEVILIN'S CAMP ALL RIGHT, BUT WHERE IS HE? MAYBE HE'S DOWN TO THE SPRING FER WATER! LET'S--

LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE, BOYS?



DEVILIN! I...?

BLAST 'IM, YOU FOOL! HE'S **DEATH** WITH THEM GUNS!



RECKON GRADY'LL HAVE TO DO HIS **OWN** DIRTY-WORK NOW, BOYS! YOU **SHORE** CAN'T DO IT FOR HIM... NOSSIR-- **NOR FOR ANYONE ELSE!**

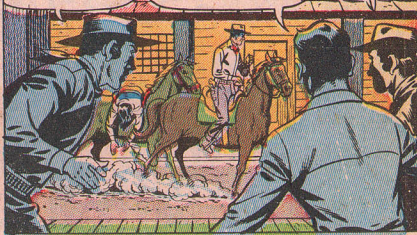


EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A STRANGE CAVALCADE ENTERS SILVER CITY...

HIT'S SLIM DEVILIN! MAN ALIVE, LOOK WHUT HE'S GOT BEHINT HIM!

THE RINGO BOYS, GRADY'S GUN-SLINGERS! GRADY SHORE AIN'T GONNA LIKE THET!

WONDER WHAR HE'S A TAKIN' 'EM!



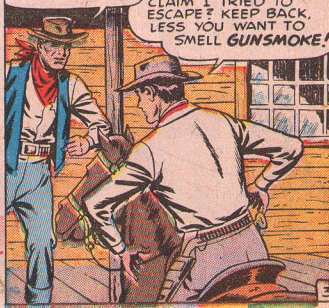
I FIGURED THESE BOYS WERE YORE'S GRADY, SO I'M LEAVIN' 'EM WITH YOU!

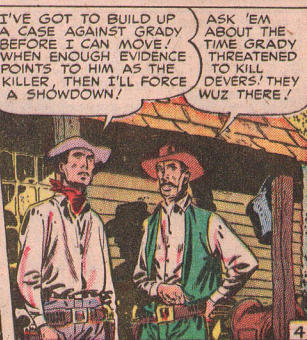
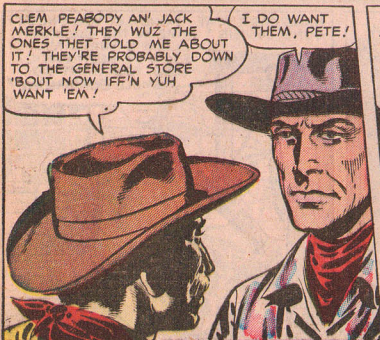
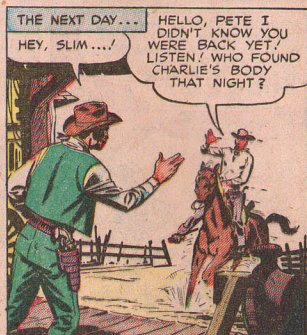
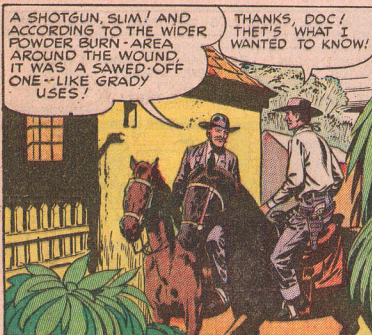
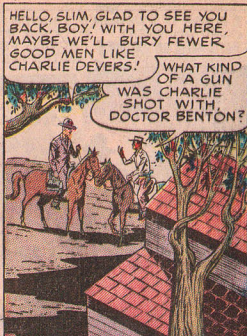
YOU DID ME A FAVOR, SLIM! NOW I CAN GET YOU **LEGALLY!** DO YOUR DUTY AS SHERIFF, TINY! ARREST THIS MAN FOR **MURDER!**



HAND OVER YORE GUNS, DEVILIN!

AND LET YOU SHOOT ME IN THE BACK, AN' CLAIM I TRIED TO ESCAPE? KEEP BACK, LESS YOU WANT TO SMELL **GUNSMOKE!**





ALL DAY, SLIM ROAMS THE TOWN, ASKING QUESTIONS...

SURE, JACK AN' ME HEARD GRADY THREATEN DEVERS! HE TOLD 'IM TO GIT OUT OF TOWN OR HE'D KILL 'IM!

YEP! GRADY SHORE SAID THET! CHARLIE WUZ TRYING TO GIT THE FOLKS IN TOWN TO CHASE GRADY AN' HIS GANG OUT!



DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DEVERS' DEATH, FRANK?

JEST WHUT I HEARD, BUT I C'N TELL YUH THIS, SLIM! DEVERS WASN'T THE ONLY ONE TO DIE FROM SHOTGUN POISONIN'! THERE WUZ OTHERS, AN' ALL FOLKS WHO STOOD UP TO GRADY!

DEVILIN'S GITTIN' TOO ALMIGHTY CURIOUS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN GRADY'S PRIVATE OFFICE...

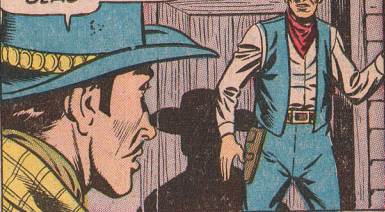
I'M TELLING YUH, BOSS SLIM'S ASKIN' PLENTY OF QUESTIONS, AN' HE'S GETTIN' SOME PRETTY CLOSE ANSWERS!

YUH BETTER TAKE CARE OF DEVILIN, BOSS! IF HE GITTS ENOUGH EVIDENCE HE C'N BRING IN A U.S. MARSHAL!



YOU'RE RIGHT, DRISCOLL, AN' THAT'S SOMETHING WE CAN'T AFFORD! TINY! FORM A POSSE OUT OF THE BOYS WE CAN TRUST AND GET DEVILIN! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU TO GET HIM -- DEAD

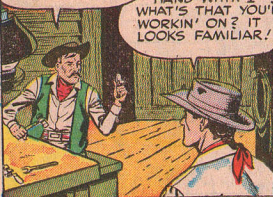
YUH SHORE DON'T, GRADY!



WHILE TINY GARSON FORMS THE POSSE, DEVILIN TALKS OVER HIS DAY WITH PETE GREGOR...

SO, YOU COME UP WITH A LOTTA WORDS, BUT NO REAL EVIDENCE AGAINST GRADY, SLIM?

THAT'S RIGHT, PETE! IF I ONLY HAD SOME-THING SOLID, SOMETHIN' TO FORCE HIS HAND WITH! I--? WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WORKIN' ON? IT LOOKS FAMILIAR!



HIT SHOULD BE! IT'S LIKE ONE A THEM ORNAMENTS THET DECORATE GRADY'S HAT-BAND! HE LOST ONE AN' ASKED ME TO MAKE 'IM ONE TO REPLACE HIT!

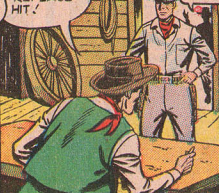
SAY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WHEN...?

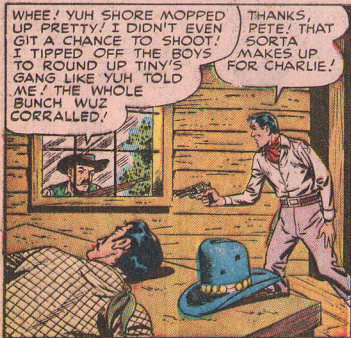
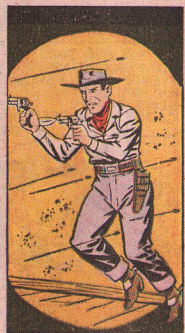
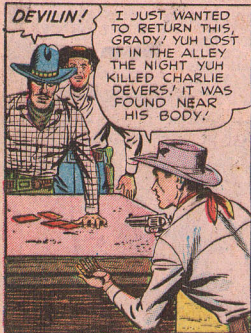
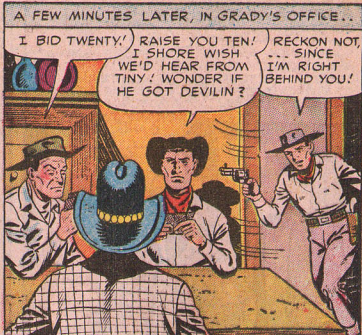
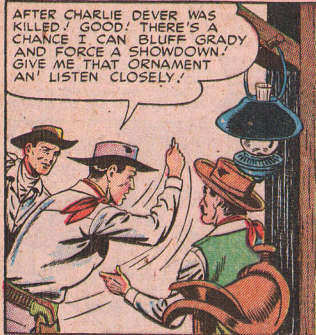
SLIM! PETE! TINY'S ORGANIZING A POSSE!

THEY'RE OUT TO GIT YUH, SLIM!

WHEN DID GRADY ORDER THAT ORNAMENT?

YESTER-DAY, SLIM!



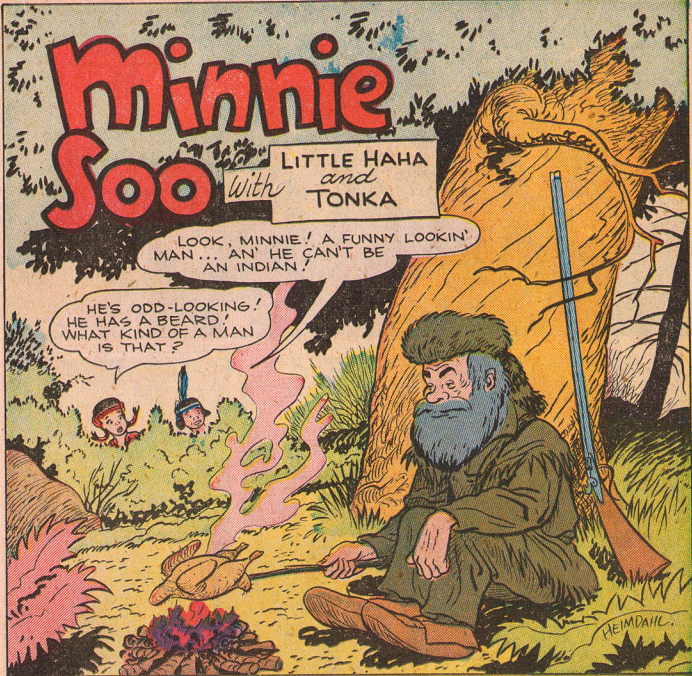


Minnie Soo

With **LITTLE HAH**
and
TONKA

LOOK, MINNIE! A FUNNY LOOKIN' MAN... AN' HE CAN'T BE AN INDIAN!

HE'S ODD-LOOKING!
HE HAS A BEARD!
WHAT KIND OF A MAN
IS THAT?

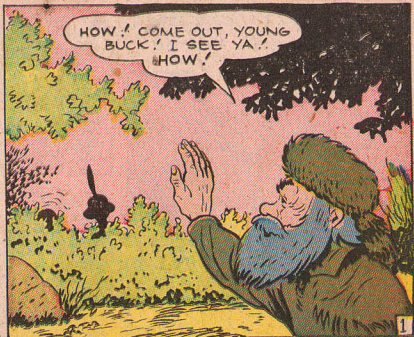


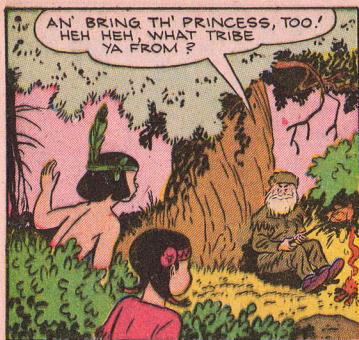
BUT, MINNIE... HE ISN'T
BROWN LIKE AN INDIAN!
HE LOOKS KINDA
PALE! MEBBE
HE'S SICK!

HE MUST
BE FROM
SOME STRANGE
TRIBE!



HOW! COME OUT, YOUNG
BUCK! I SEE YA!
HOW!

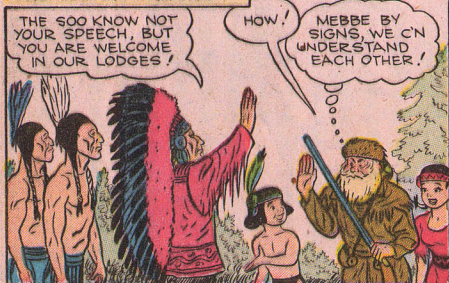




MINNIE AND LITTLE HAHA CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE STRANGER, BUT BY MEANS OF SIGNS, THEY INVITE HIM TO THE VILLAGE.

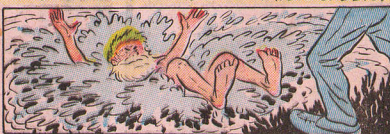
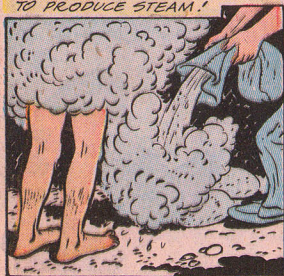


THE STRANGE MAN CREATES A STIR IN THE VILLAGE WITH HIS FOREIGN TALK AND ODD APPEARANCE.



BELIEVING HIM ILL, WHITE BEARD, AS THEY CALL HIM, IS PUT IN THE STEAM TEEPEE. WATER IS POURED ON THE HOT ROCKS TO PRODUCE STEAM.

AFTER A GOOD STEAMING, WHITE BEARD IS TOSSED INTO THE COLD WATER CREEK!



AS HE DRIES AND DRESSES, THE SOO HAVE POUNCED UPON HIS STRANGE WEAPON, AND LOOK AT IT IN WONDER!



THE WHITE BEARD TEACHES THE SOO THE NAME OF HIS WEAPON!



AT THIS TIME, AFTER A LONG JOURNEY FROM THE EAST, NOTORIOUS BIG MIKE, WITH TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN, HAVE COME INTO THE UNCHARTERED LAND OF THE SOO, IN SEARCH FOR MORE TERRITORY RICH IN FURS!



MEN! WE MUST BE TH' FIRST WHITE MEN TO COME TO THIS COUNTRY! THIS FOREST IS FULL O' GAME! WONDER WHAT TRIBE O' RED DEVILS ROAM HERE 'BOUTS?

WE'LL MAKE PEACE WITH TH' VARMINTS, AN' GET THEIR FURS CHEAP!

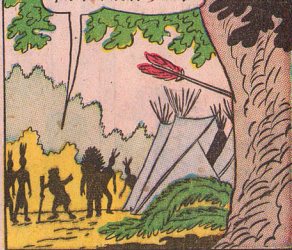
YEAH, CHEAP BUT HONEST!

SURE! HONEST! HAW, HAW!

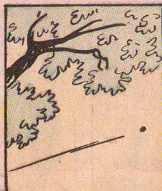


BACK IN THE SOO VILLAGE...

SEE THAT ARRER IN THAT TREE YONDER? WATCH ME CLIP TH' FEATHERS NEAT AS A FIRIN' PIN!



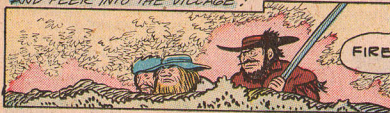
THE UNSEEN RIFLE BALL CLIPS THE FEATHERS AND WHINES THROUGH THE FOLIAGE INTO THE WOODS...



HEY! GET INTA COVER, MEN! SOME BLASTED FOOL IS TAKIN' POT-SHOTS AT US!



AFTER A LONG WAIT, THE THREE RENEGADES CREEP TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE, AND PEER INTO THE VILLAGE.



FIRE-STICK!

THE SOO COME OUT FROM HIDING AFTER RUNNING FROM THE EXPLOSION OF WHITE BEARDS RIFLE!



THAT'S POWERFUL MEDICINE, MINNIE!

WHITE BEARD MUST BE GREAT WARRIOR FROM OTHER LAND!



JEHOSAPHAT! D'YA SEE WHAT I SEE? THAT WHITE BEARDED RASCAL IS JOE HEWIT, TH' SCUM WHO DID US WRONG BACK IN TH' GREEN MOUNTAINS!



WONDER WHAT TH' OL' LEATHER-BEAK IS COOKIN' UP NOW?



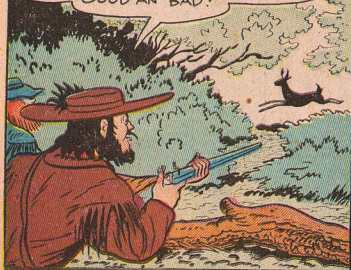
WE GOTTA SPOIL HIS FUN! IF N' HE'S IN GOOD WITH THESE REDSKINS, IT MEANS BAD FER! WE' UNS!

SO BIG MIKE AND HIS MEN RETREAT FURTHER INTO THE WOODS, PLANNING THEIR REVENGE, AND FINALLY COMING UPON A DEVILISH SCHEME...



IF N' WE RIP THESE FISH NETS O' THE VARMINTS, AN' LEAVE A FEW RIFLE BALLS ABOUT, HEWIT'LL GET TH' BLAME FER IT!

AN' IF N' WE SHOOT A DEER AN' LEAVE TH' CARCASS T' ROT, HE'LL GET BLAMED FER BEIN' BAD MEDICINE FER TH' HUNTERS! WE'LL FIX 'IM UP GOOD AN' BAD!



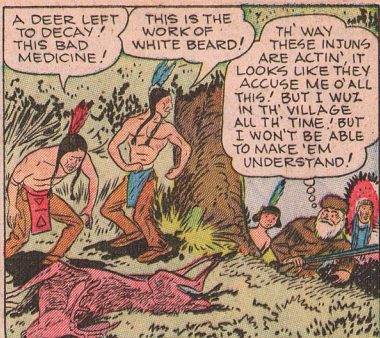
NEXT DAY...

COME! SOMEONE HAS TORN THE FISH NETS! ENEMIES MUST BE NEAR!





LOOK! A BALL FROM THE FIRE STICK! YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS, WOULD YOU, WHITE BEARD?



A DEER LEFT TO DECAY! THIS BAD MEDICINE!

THIS IS THE WORK OF WHITE BEARD!

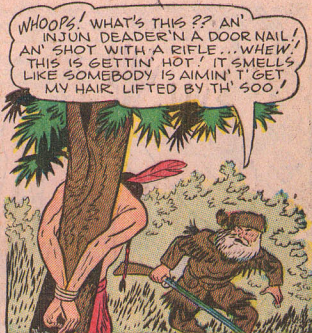
TH' WAY THESE INJUNS ARE ACTIN' IT LOOKS LIKE THEY ACCUSE ME O' ALL THIS! BUT I WUZ IN TH' VILLAGE ALL TH' TIME, BUT I WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE 'EM UNDERSTAND!



I, CHIEF BIG PANTHER, BANISH WHITE BEARD FROM THE SOO COUNTRY! YOU BAD MEDICINE! GO! DO NOT RETURN!

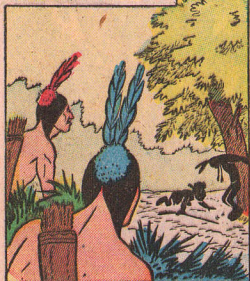


THERE'S AN ANSWER T' THIS! SOME SCALAWAG WITH A RIFLE IS IN THESE HILLS, AN' I'M GETTIN' BLAMED FER HIS DOIN'S! I'M GOIN' T' TRACK HIM DOWN OR MY NAME AIN'T JOE HEWIT!



WHOOPS! WHAT'S THIS ?? AN' INJUN DEADER'N A DOOR NAIL! AN' SHOT WITH A RIFLE...WHEW! THIS IS GETTIN' HOT! IT SMELLS LIKE SOMEBODY IS AIMIN' T' GET MY HAIR LIFTED BY TH' SOO!

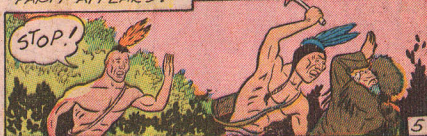
AS JOE HEWIT IS LOOKING FOR TRACKS OF THE KILLER, TWO SOO HUNTERS COME UPON HIM



ENRAGED AT WHAT THEY SEE TIED TO THE TREE, THEY TURN UPON THE WHITE BEARD FOR REVENGE!



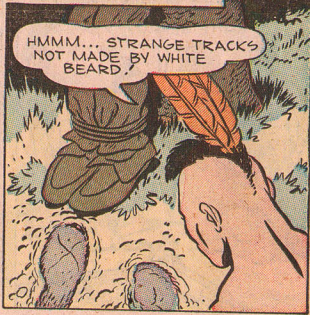
AS THE SOO ARE ABOUT TO TAKE CARE OF WHITE BEARD, TONKA, THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE HUNTING PARTY APPEARS!



STOP!



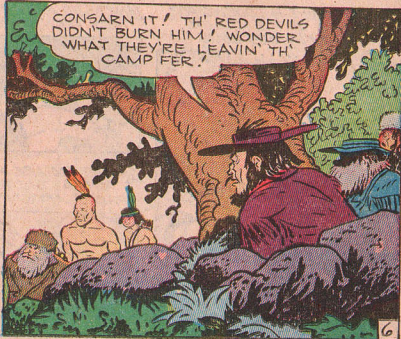
AS THE WHITE BEARD IS TAKEN BY THE SOO TO THE VILLAGE...

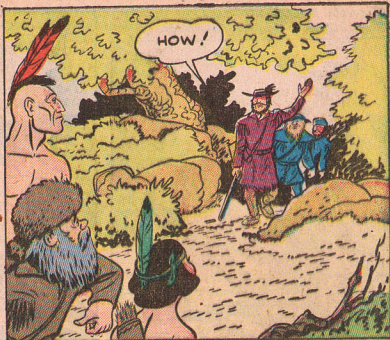
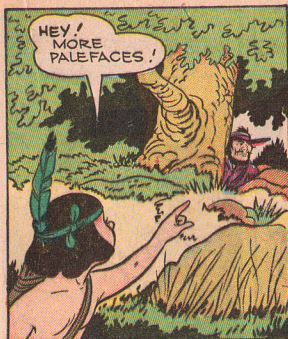


THE DECISION OF THE HIGH COUNCIL IS: WHITE BEARD MUST DIE AT THE STAKE!



AFTER MUCH GRUMBLING AND SPEAR-SHAKING, WHITE BEARD IS RELEASED FROM THE TORTURE POLE, AND ALL GO TO THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK!





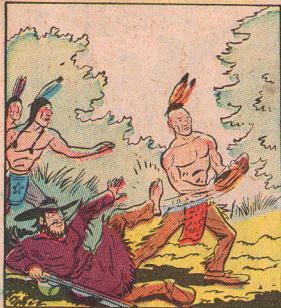
BIG MIKE, SURE OF ENTANGLING
JOE HEWIT, SIGNS TO TONKA THAT
HE SAW THE WHITE BEARD ATTACK
THE SOO!



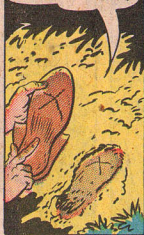
TONKA NOTICES THE PECULIAR
FOOT PRINTS MADE BY BIG MIKE!



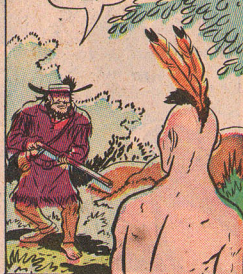
TONKA PULLS OFF ONE OF
BIG MIKE'S MOCCASINS...



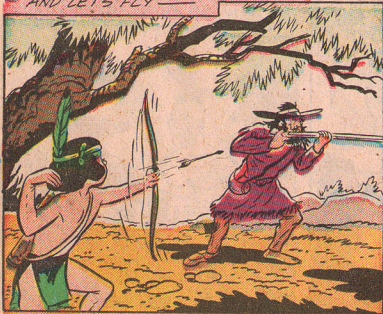
SEE! MARK ON
SOLE OF
MOCCASIN IS
SAME AS
TRACK IN MUD
MADE NEAR
600 HUNTER!



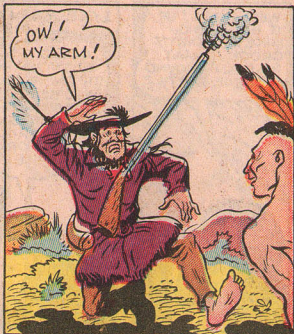
YA BLASTED REDSKIN!
IF BIG MIKE HAS GOT TO
GO, YER GOIN' WIT'
ME!



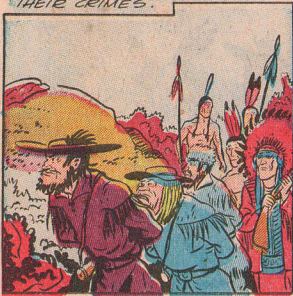
LITTLE HAHA WHIPS OUT AN ARROW
AND LET'S FLY —



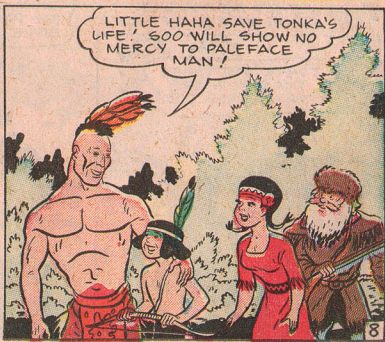
OW!
MY ARM!



BIG MIKE, AND HIS TWO CRONIES,
ARE TAKEN TO THE 600 VILLAGE
WHERE THEY WILL PAY FOR
THEIR CRIMES.



LITTLE HAHA SAVE TONKA'S
LIFE! 600 WILL SHOW NO
MERCY TO PALEFACE
MAN!



THINK FAST

by Paul Norton

Bob Turner, the Centerville Bulldogs' center, missed one easy shot after another. It was an important basketball game, so the coach pulled him at the half. His team-mates had expected too much of him. He wasn't a hero, but they'd expected him to be one. All because his dad, Charles Turner, was a real hero.

Everywhere Bob turned that day before the game the fellows were talking about Charles Turner's exploits. "Didja read it, Spike? Golly, he kicked 'em right in the pants . . ." Stuff like that.

Yes, his dad was a swell guy, and there was no doubt that he was brave. The newspapers had all printed his picture along with rogue gallery photos of the three tough mugs who'd tried to hold up the Flyer to rob the mail car. The papers told how the crooks climbed into the cab and ordered Charles Turner, the engineer, to stop the train. And how Turner dived into the crooks and rough-housed them plenty.

Bob's dad had been a star boxer when he was in college and he hadn't forgotten how to use his dukes. One of the robbers escaped by jumping off the speeding train. But the police said they'd have him in jail within a week because the two captured robbers had spilled all they knew. The missing crook was "Dirk" Graves, they said.

Bob almost wished his dad wasn't such a well-known hero. Too much was expected of his son. It made him nervous. Everyone expected him to make impossible shots, and he missed even the set-ups. Too much pressure.

The coach patted Bob on the shoulder reassuringly after the Bulldogs had won the game by a narrow margin—and without Bob Turner's help.

"You'll be okay," the coach said. "I know how it is. You're a little too tense. You got to learn to think before you act—but think fast. Kinda try to take it easy, won't you, fella?"

Bob felt a little better then, but he felt a fellow should deliver the goods when the chips are down. Wasn't he any good under pressure? He was afraid not . . .

Bob glanced at his watch as he trotted toward Maple Street where he lived opposite the railroad yards. It was 11:10 p.m. He had to hurry. Dad would be pulling the Flyer through the yards in exactly fifteen minutes.

The street lay on the outskirts of town and was poorly lighted. He didn't see the lurking shadow beneath the maple tree in front of the house until it was too late.

"All right, Turner!" a menacing voice snarled. "I been waiting to stick this in your gizzard!"

A long, gleaming knife-blade winked wicked light.

"Hey! What's the idea—?" Bob gulped, instinctively pulling away from the knife.

The man grunted in surprise and caught Bob's arm. "Who're you?" he asked roughly.

"B-Bob Turner."

"Oh," sneered the crook. "Hero Charles Turner's son, huh? This's fine—better'n I expected." He paused, as though weighing a plan in his mind, he jerked a thumb at the house. "Get going, kid. Open up, and I'm right behind you, so no funny stuff."

Bob tried to protest. "You can't go in there! What do you want, mister?"

"It's your old man I'm after," the intruder said, hate making his voice quiver. "I'm makin' a good hero outa him—a dead hero."

Bob stared at the crook. He knew now who he was. Dirk Graves—the train robber who got away. He knew this fellow wasn't making idle threats. The police were looking everywhere for him.

He couldn't argue with that silent, deadly knife. He had to obey. Quietly, he turned his latchkey in the lock, shoved the door open and stepped aside to let Graves enter first.

"Yah—polite, ain'tcha?" sneered Graves. "Go on, get goin'."

Bob shrugged, and led the way through the parlor and turned on the light in the kitchen.

The crook nodded approvingly. "That'll look natural when your old man shows up. And you want to keep on acting natural, kid. Else . . ." He flicked a thumbnail across the tip of the knife's needle point in a significant gesture.

Bob didn't answer. He swallowed hard and sat down in a kitchen chair. He knew what he had to do. Before his dad stepped through that door he'd yell a warning and grab at that knife. He didn't like to think about what would happen to him. But he had to give his dad a chance.

Dirk Graves paced the floor like a nervous cat. He never got many steps away from Bob, who knew by the way Dirk handled the knife that he was expert with it.

Bob glanced at his wristwatch again . . . 11:24. The Flyer was due through the yards in less than a minute. What would his dad think when he didn't get their signal? He always blinked the kitchen lights—two longs and a short—to let dad know that he was up and would be down to the station after him in the car. When the lights didn't blink, what would he do . . . ? Would he telephone?

The windows began to rattle in their frames as the mail special came pounding into the yards. It whooshed past the house, whistle wailing mournfully into the night. "Did he notice I didn't blink the lights?" Bob wondered.

Dirk Graves watched Bob narrowly. "What's on your mind, kid," he growled.

"Dad phones for me to come after him in the car," Bob blurted. "When I don't answer he'll know something's wrong and call the cops. You better beat it while you can."

Graves looked upset at this information. Then he instructed: "Listen, Kid, when that phone rings, you answer it. And no tricks. You tell him the car's broke down. It won't start, see? And don't say nothing else."

Bob nodded miserably that he understood.

They waited a few minutes more in silence, the clock on the wall pecking away at the seconds.

Suddenly, the telephone shrilled in the silence. Dirk sprang alert and motioned with the knife for Bob to answer. He breathed down Bob's neck, the point of the knife at the boy's back when he picked up the telephone.

"Hello? Hello, dad," he said, in such a steady voice that he surprised himself. "The car's broke

down. I can't get it out of the garage . . . 'Bye."

His hand was shaking when he hung up.

Graves nodded approval. "You played it smart, kid. I see you value your hide."

Then he moved swiftly, shot out a fist and caught Bob under the chin. He felt himself falling . . . falling into blackness.

A thousand stars and moons and flashing lights flickered through his head as he swam back to consciousness. He struggled to rise, but couldn't move his hands or feet. Then he knew he was tied to a chair. And there was a gag in his mouth. That crook had guessed he'd planned to yell a warning before his dad walked into the trap. Bob struggled wildly against his bonds. It was wasted effort. The cord didn't give a fraction of an inch.

Straining his ears he heard a car coming up the street, slow down, then stop in front of the house. That would be dad coming home in a taxi. Dirk Graves crouched behind the door, the knife poised in his right hand.

The back door burst open. Dirk whirled, snarling, drew back his arm to hurl the knife. A shot crashed. Dirk howled in pain. He grabbed his wrist and cursed savagely.

Three uniformed policemen charged into the room and grabbed the would-be killer. "The Chief will be tickled pink to meet you," one of the cops said with satisfaction.

Charles Turner came running in, saw Bob tied to the chair, pulled the gag from his mouth. "You hurt, son?" he asked anxiously.

Bob worked his strained jaws "Naw," he said in relief. "He smacked me on the jaw, but I'm okay."

"How'd you know this rat was waiting for you, Mr. Turner?" the cop in charge asked.

Charles Turner smiled proudly at his son. "Bob, here, didn't signal with the lights like he usually does. That worried me. When I called to find out what was wrong, he tipped me off over the phone. He did some pretty fast, smart thinking when he was in a tough spot. When he said he couldn't get the car out of the garage, I knew someone was listening to what he said.

"You see, we haven't got a garage. But this crook didn't know that!"

BART STEWART

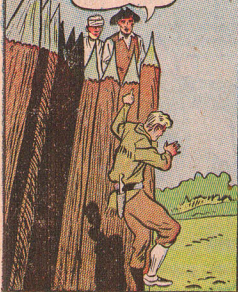
AND THE SMUGGLERS

WHILE BART STEWART WAS IN THE WEST INDIES, INDIAN RAIDS INCREASED AGAINST THE SETTLERS ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER. THE SUCCESS OF THESE INDIAN RAIDERS WAS GREATLY INCREASED BY THEIR USING MUSKETS OF ENGLISH MAKE, WHICH THEY MUST HAVE SECURED BY ILLEGAL MEANS.



AFTER ONE OF THE RAIDS A COURAGEOUS YOUNG MAN DECIDES TO FOLLOW THE REDMEN---

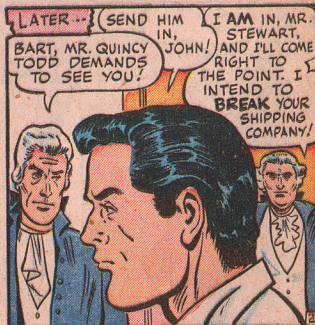
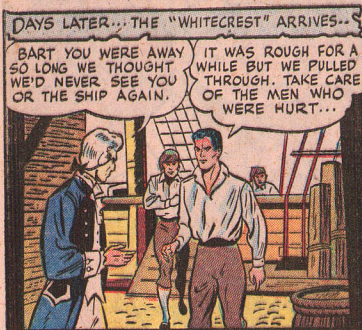
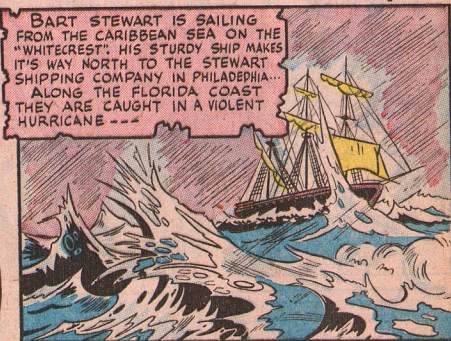
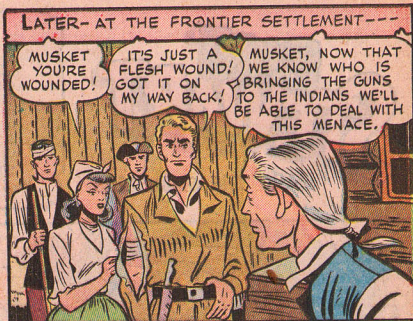
BE CAREFUL, MUSKET!

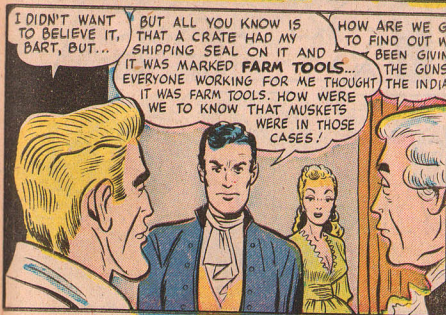
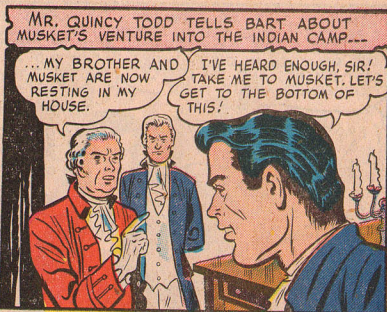


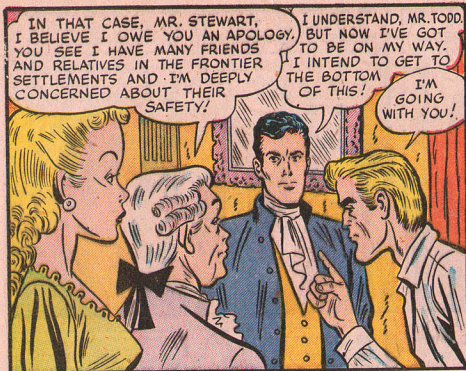
MUSKET STEALS AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE INDIAN CAMP---

WHAT'S THIS... BOARDS FROM A PACKING CASE... THIS IS HARD TO BELIEVE!









IN THAT CASE, MR. STEWART, I BELIEVE I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY. YOU SEE I HAVE MANY FRIENDS AND RELATIVES IN THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS AND I'M DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR SAFETY!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. TODD. BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO BE ON MY WAY. I INTEND TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

I'M GOING WITH YOU!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE SHIPPING COMPANY---

I'VE CHECKED THE BOOKS TO SEE WHO RECEIVED FARM TOOLS... BUT THE LIST IS SO LONG IT WOULD TAKE WEEKS TO TRAVEL THE COUNTRYSIDE CHECKING THE FARMS...

WE HAVE NOT STARTED TO UNLOAD THE "WHITECREST" CARGO... WE MAY FIND SOMETHING IF WE CHECK THE FARM TOOLS!



IN THE HOLD OF THE "WHITECREST"...

WELL, WE DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY LUCK SO FAR... STOCKWELL WHAT IS IT?

BART! I'VE GOT NEWS... TWO CRATES OF FARM TOOLS WERE UNLOADED THIS EVENING!

YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE UNLOADING, MR. MORTON. UNLOADING THE CARGO WAS TO BEGIN TOMORROW!

I KNOW MR. STEWART, BUT THIS FARMER, MR. SHELTON, WAS SO DESPERATE FOR HIS TOOLS I FELT SORRY AND...



I SEE! ALL RIGHT, MORTON, NO HARM DONE. NOW - I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST...



I'M GOING TO RIDE TO THE SHELTON FARM AND DO SOME CHECKING. MUSKET, YOU COME ALONG. FILIPPE, YOU COME AFTER US IF WE DON'T RETURN IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS...

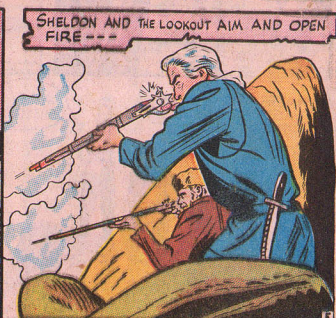
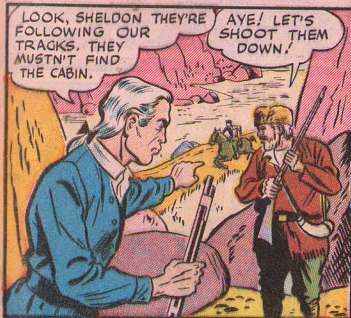
WITH YOU, BART! VERY WELL, I'LL WAIT!



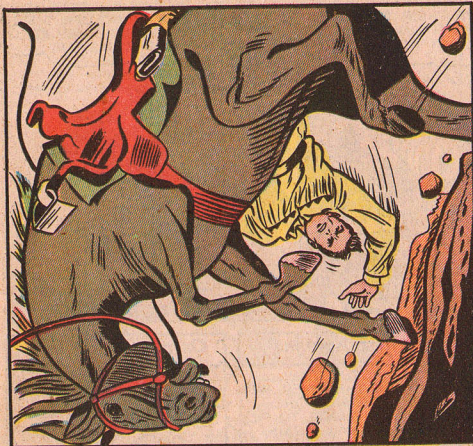
WE SHOULD ARRIVE AT THE SHELTON FARM ABOUT DAWN.



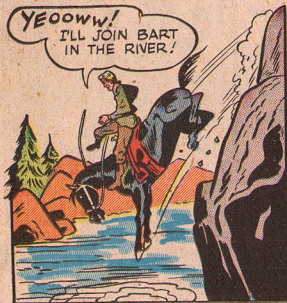
BART AND MUSKET RIDE OFF INTO THE NIGHT---



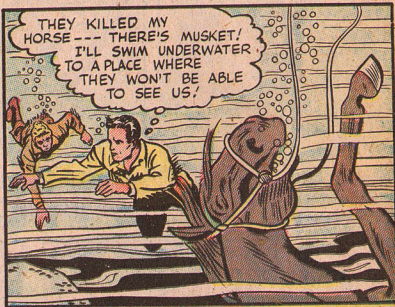
BART AND HIS HORSE
TUMBLE INTO THE
RIVER ---



YEOWW!
I'LL JOIN BART
IN THE RIVER!

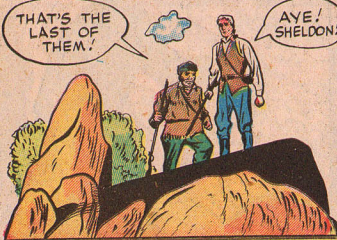


THEY KILLED MY
HORSE --- THERE'S MUSKET!
I'LL SWIM UNDERWATER
TO A PLACE WHERE
THEY WON'T BE ABLE
TO SEE US.



THAT'S THE
LAST OF
THEM!

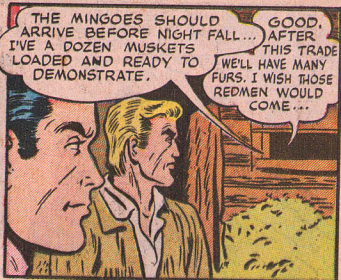
AYE!
SHELDON!



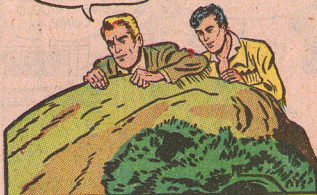
A SHORT
DISTANCE
DOWN RIVER...

WE'LL HAVE TO BE
CAREFUL --- WE
MUST BE NEAR THE
HIDEOUT!





THE INDIANS HAVE ARRIVED, BART. AND THEY'VE BROUGHT PLENTY OF FURS WITH THEM!



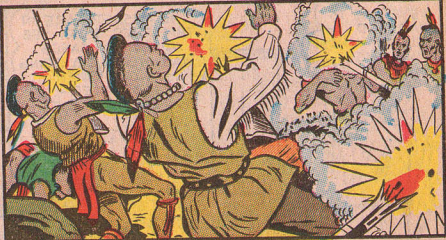
THE DEMONSTRATION SHOULD START SOON!

GIVE THEM THE LOADED MUSKETS-- THEY WANT TO TRY THEM BEFORE TRADING!

RIGHTO, BOSS!

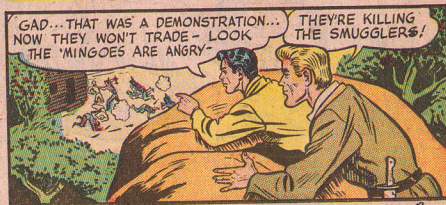


'ERE NOW, YOU CAN TRY 'EM PUT IT TO YER SHOULDER --- AIM AND PULL THE TRIGGER---



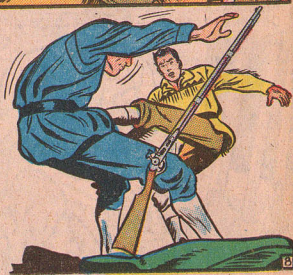
GAD... THAT WAS A DEMONSTRATION... NOW THEY WON'T TRADE - LOOK THE 'MINGOES ARE ANGRY-

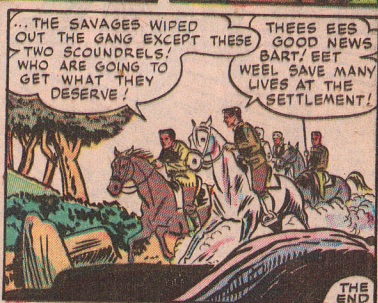
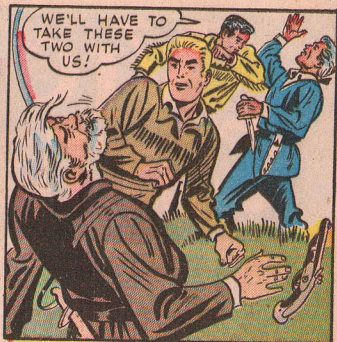
THEY'RE KILLING THE SMUGGLERS!



COME ON, MUSKET WE'LL TAKE THEIR HORSES!

I SAY, SHELDON, I THOUGHT WE SHOT THOSE TWO!

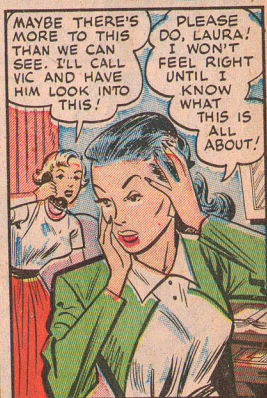
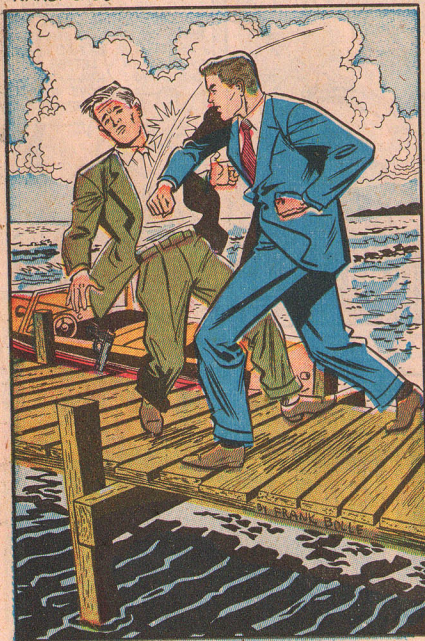




VIC CUTTER

LAURA AMES, VIC CUTTER'S SECRETARY, GOES WITH SUSAN GRANT TO SPEND A WEEKEND IN SUSAN'S COMFORTABLE BUT SECLUDED COTTAGE ON THE LONG ISLAND SHORE. SUSAN HAS INHERITED IT AND A SUBSTANTIAL SUM OF MONEY FROM AN UNCLE WHOM SHE SCARCELY KNEW, (PROVIDING SHE LIVES IN THE COTTAGE FOR A YEAR.)

WHEN THEY ARRIVE, THEY FIND THE COTTAGE RANSACKED — — —



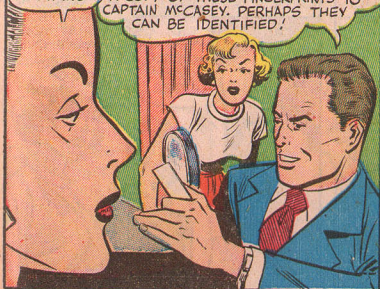
A SHORT WHILE LATER VIC ARRIVES AT SUSAN'S COTTAGE ON LONG ISLAND ---



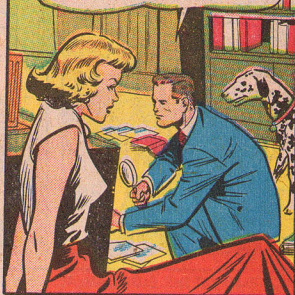
AS VIC LOOKS THINGS OVER SUSAN EXPLAINS HOW SHE INHERITED THE HOUSE ---

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING?

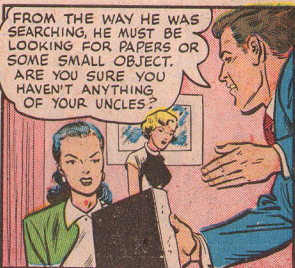
I THINK OUR CARELESS HOUSE-BREAKER LEFT A FEW CLEAR PRINTS ON THIS SHELF. I'LL TAKE A COPY OF THESE FINGERPRINTS TO CAPTAIN MCCASEY. PERHAPS THEY CAN BE IDENTIFIED!



FINDING A CLUE WON'T BE EASY. SMART CROOKS WEAR GLOVES, BUT IT WOULD BE CLUMSY TO GO THROUGH THESE BOOKS WITH GLOVES ON. MAYBE WE'LL FIND A FINGERPRINT!



FROM THE WAY HE WAS SEARCHING, HE MUST BE LOOKING FOR PAPERS OR SOME SMALL OBJECT. ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING OF YOUR UNCLES?



HE LEFT ME A LETTER. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT BUT I KEPT IT FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS. IT'S AT THE OFFICE!

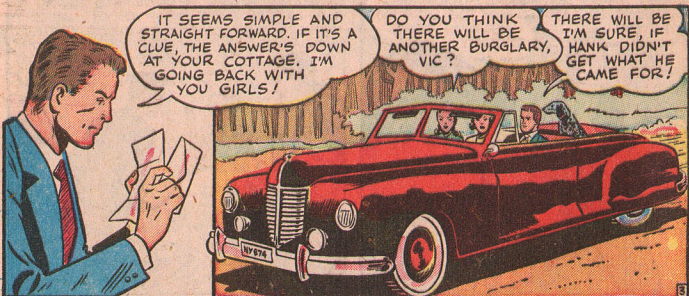
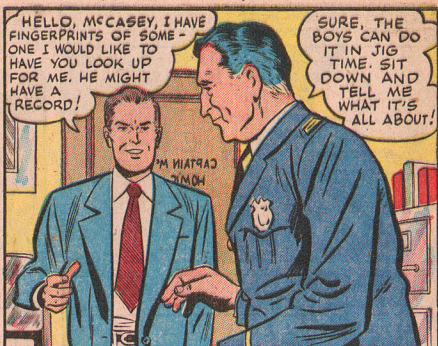
I'D LIKE TO SEE IT. IT MAY BE IMPORTANT. TOO LATE TO GO INTO TOWN TONIGHT!



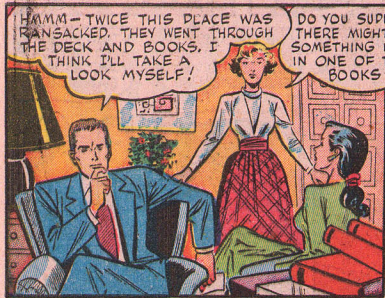
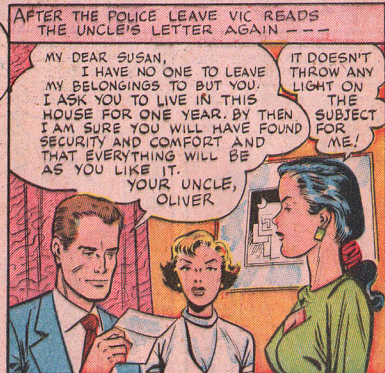
SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM. I'LL GET THE LETTER FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

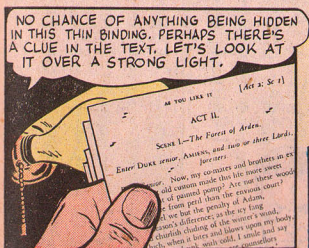
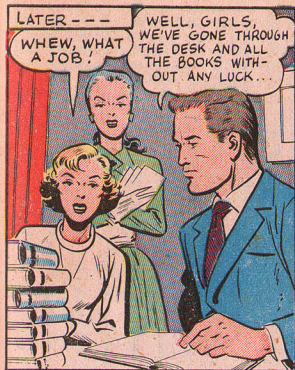
THAT'S AN IDEA, VIC, SUSAN AND I WILL DRIVE INTO TOWN WITH YOU AND WHILE YOU'RE CHECKING THE FINGERPRINTS WE'LL GO TO SUSAN'S OFFICE AND GET HER UNCLES LETTER!

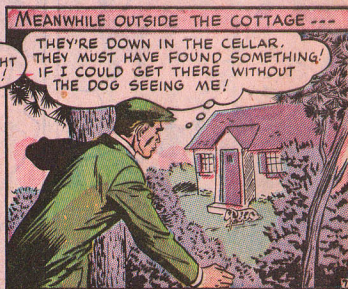
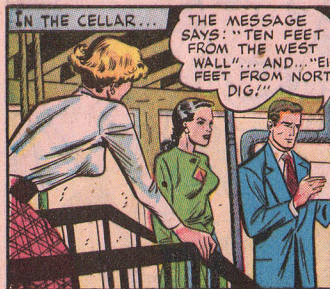
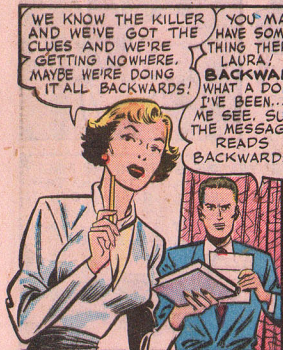
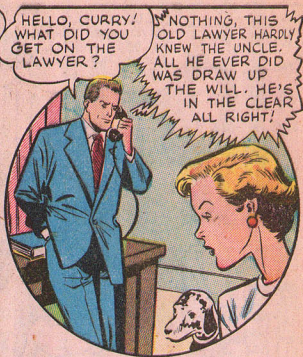
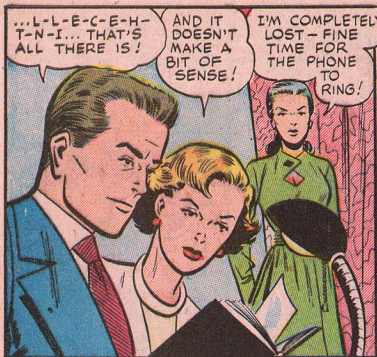


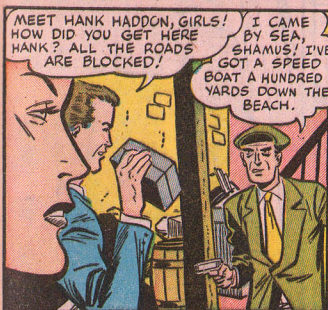
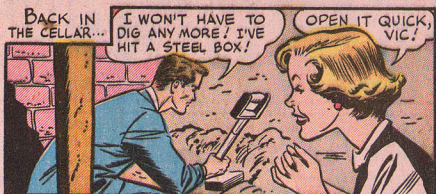
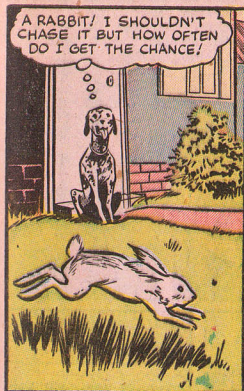


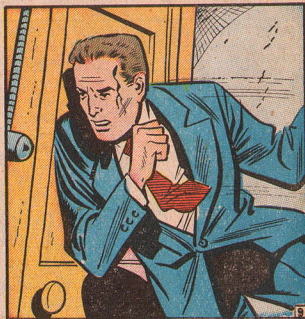
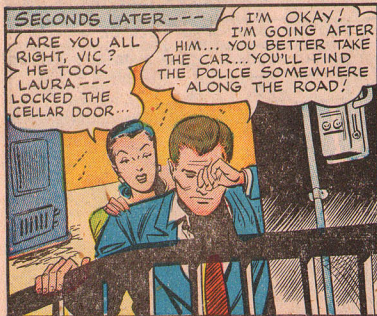
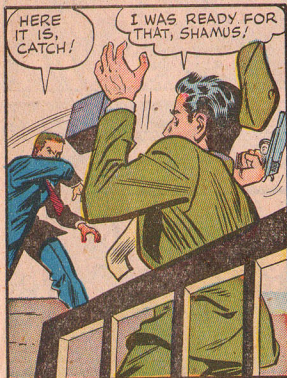
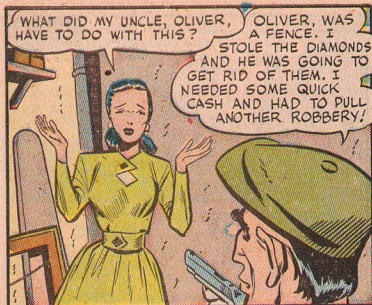


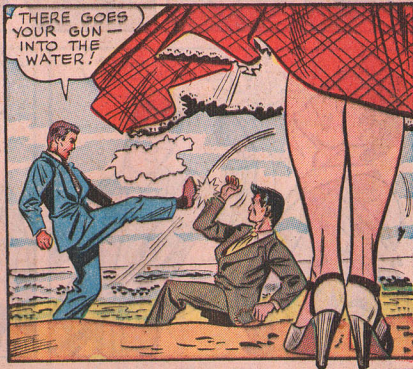
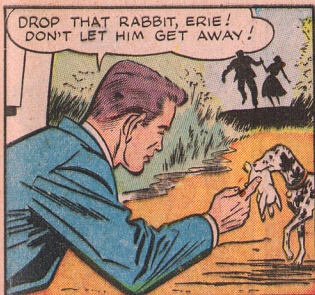




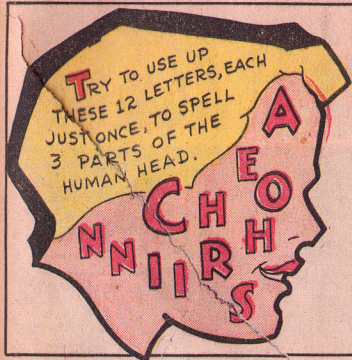




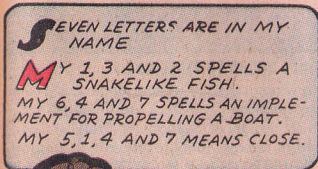
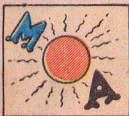
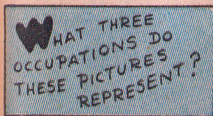
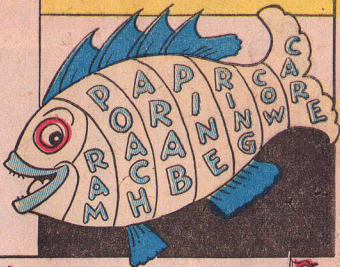




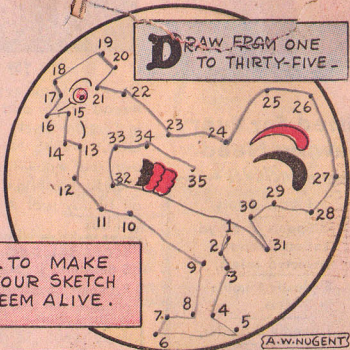




CHANGE ONE LETTER IN EACH GIVEN WORD SHOWN BELOW TO SPELL SEVEN FISH.



What's my name?



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HUMAN HEAD PUZZLE: HAIR, NOSE AND CHIN.
FISH PROBLEM: RAY, ROACH, CRAB, PIKE, LING, COD AND CARP.
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WHAT'S MY NAME? ELEANOR
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

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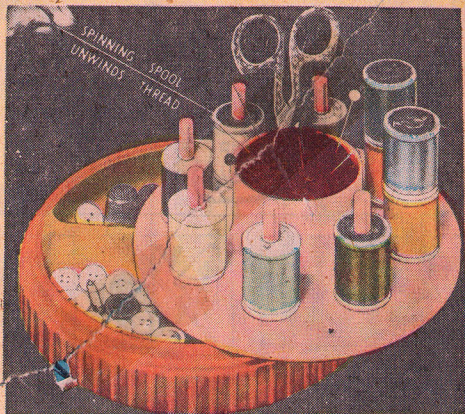


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Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—*instantly*—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the right places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly *boned*—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace insets at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous

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Blue, white or nude.

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Tiny Waist
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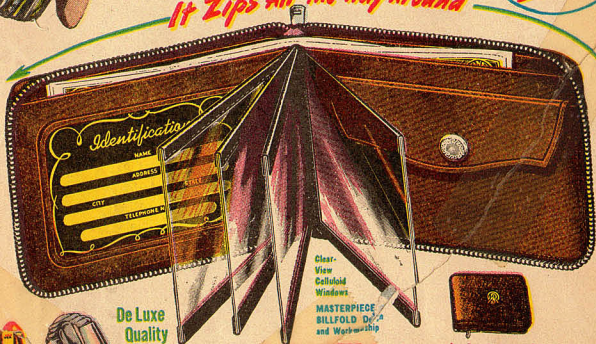
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